



B.4.13.

HVMORS LOOKING Glasse.



LONDON.

Imprinted by Ed. Allde for William Fere-
brand and are to be sold at his Shop in
the popes-head Pallace, right ouer a-
gainst the Tauerne-dore.

1608.







To his verie Louing Friend· Master
George Lee.

Esteemed friend, I pray thee take it kinde,
That outward action beares an inward minde,
What objectes beere these papers do deliner,
Below the viewing of them for the giner.
I make thee a partaker of strange fightes,
Drawne antique works of humours vaine delights.
A mirrour of the mad conceited shapes,
Of this our ages giddy-headed apes,
These fash' on mongers, selfe besotted mon
Of kinred to the fowle that wore my pens,
Are at an howers warning to appeare,
And muster in sixe sheetes of Paper heere.
And this is all at this time I beslow,
To euidence a greater loue I owe.

YOURS SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

A 2



Reader.

As many antique faces passe,
From Barbers chaire vnto his glasse,
There to behold their kinde of trim,
And how they are reform'd by him,
Or at Exchang where Marchants greece,
Confusion of the tongues do meete,
As English, French, Italian, Dutch,
Spaniſh, and Scot'sh, with diuers ſuch.
So from the Presſe theſe papers come
To ſhow the humorous ſhapes of ſome.
Heere are ſuch faces good and bad,
As in a Barbershop are had,
And heere are tongues of diuers kindes,
According to the speakers mindes.
Beholde their fashions, heare their voice,
And let diſcretion make thy choice.

SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

Some

Ep'gram.

Some man that to contention is inclin'de,
With any thing he sees, a fault wil finde,
As, that is not so good, the same's amisse,
I haue no great affection vnto this.
Now I protest I doe not like the same,
This must be mended, that deserueth blame,
It were farre better such a thing were out,
This is obscure, and that's as tull of doubt:
And much adoe, and many words are spent
In finding out the path that humours went,
And for direction to that Idle way
Onely a busie tongue bears all the lway.
The dish that *Aesope* did commend for best,
Is now a daies in wonderfull request,
But if you finde fault on a certaine ground,
Wee cleaue fall to mending when the fault is found,

A 3

Pray



Epigram.

PRa'y by your leaue, make moūsieur humors roome
That oft hath walk'd abou: Duke Humphries
And sat amongst the Knights to see a play, (combe
And gone in's suite of Sattin eu'ry day,
And had his hat display a bushie plume,
And's verie beard deliuere forth perfume.
But when was this aske Frier Bacons head
That answered *Time is past*, O time is fled!
Sattin and silke was pawned long agoe,
And now in canuase, no knight can him knowe.
His former state, in darke obliuion sleepes,
Only Paulet Gallarie, that walke he keeps.

Epigram.

C Rosse not my humor, with an ill plac'd wordc,
For if thou doest, behold my fatall sworde:
Do'st see my countenance begin lookered?
Let that sore tell ther's sutie in my hed.
A little discontent will quicklye heate it.
Touch not my stake, thou wert as good to eate it,
These damned dice, how curlied they deuoure:
I lost some halfe score pound in halfe an hoare,

A bowie

44

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A bowle of wine, sirha: you villaine, fill:
Who drawes it Rascal? call me hether *Will*.
You Rogue, what ha'st to Supper for my dyet?
Tel' st me of Butchers meate: knaue I defie it.
Ile haue a banquet to enuite an Earle,
A *Phœnix* boyld in broth distil'd in Pearle.
Holde drie this lease, a candle quickly bring,
Ile take one pipe to bed, none other thing.
Thus with *Tabacco* he will sup to night:
Flesha-meate is heauie, and his purse is light.

Epigram.

Two Gentlemen of hot and fierie sprite,
Tooke boate, and went vp Westward to goe fight
Imbarked both, for Wenl-worth they set saile,
And there arining with ahappie gaile,
The Water-men discharged for their fare,
Then to be parted, thus their mindes declare.
Pray Ores (said they) stay heere and come not neare,
We goe to fight a little, but heere by.
The Water-men with staues did follow then,
And cryd, oh holde your hands good Gentlemen,
You know the danger of the law, forbeare;
So they put weapons vp and fel to sware.

One



Epigram.

One of these Cuckold-making Queanes
did graft her husbands head :
who arm'd with anger, steele and horne
would kill him stain'd his bed.
And challeng'd him vnto the field,
Vowing to have his life,
Wher being met, sir ha (quoth he,)
I doe suspect my WIFE
Is scarce so honest as she shoule,
You make of her some vse
Indeed said he I loue her well,
Ile frame no false excuse.
O! d'ye confess by heauens (quoth he)
Had'st thou denide thy guilt,
This blade had gone into thy guts,
Euen to the vertie Hilt.

Occasion



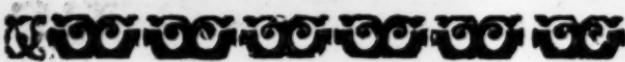


Epigram.

O Casion late was ministred for one to trie his friend,
Ten pounds he did intreat him y of all love he would
His case was an accursed case, no comfort to be found, (led
Unles he friendly drew his purse & blest him with tē pouēt
He did protest he had it not, making a solemnne vow,
He wated means & money both, to do him pleasure now.
Thē sir (quorh he) you know I haue a Gelding I loue wel,
Necessitie it hath no law, I must my Gelding sell,
I haue bin offered twelue for him, with ten ilc be cōtent,
Well I will trie a friend (said he,) it was his chest he meat.
So fetch'd the money presently, tother sees Angels shine
Now God a mercy horse (quoth he) thy credit's more then
(mine.

B

Dice



Epigram.

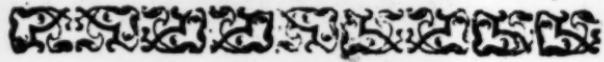
Dice diving deepe into a Ruffians purse,
Leaving it nothing worth but strings and leather:
He presently did fall to swewe and curse,
That's life and money he would loose together,
Tooke of his hat, and swore, let me but see
What Rogue dares say this same is blacke to me?

Another lost, and he did money lacke,
And thus his surie in a heate revives:
Where is that Rogue denies his hat is blacke?
Ile fight with him, had he ten thousand lives.
Oh sir (quoth he) in troth you come too late,
Choller is past, my anger's out of date.

Epigram.

A Kinde of *London-walker* in a boote,
(Not *George* a Horse-backe, but a *Gerge* a foote,)
On eu'ry day you meeete him through the yeare,
For's bootes and spurs, a horse-man doth appeare.
Was met with, by an odde conceited stranger,
W~~h~~ friendly told him that he walk'd in danger.

For



For Sir (in kindenes no way to offend you)
There is a warrant foorth to apprehend you.
Th' offence they say, you riding through thee streeete,
Haue kil'd a Childe, vnder ycur Horses feete.
Sir I protest (quoth he) they doe me wrong,
I haue not back'd a horse, God knows how long,
What slaues be these, they haue me false bely'd?
Ile prooue this twelue-month I did neuer ride.

Epigram.

VV Hat feather'd fowle is this that doth approach
As if it were an *Eſtredge* in a Coach?
Three yards of feather round about her hat,
And in her hand a bable like to that:
As full of Birdes attire, as Owle, or Goose,
And like vnto her gowne, her ſelfe ſeemēs loose.
Cui'ye mercie Ladie, lewdnes are you there?
Light feather'd ſtuffe beſts you beſt to weare.

B 2

A Poore

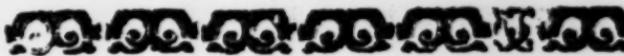


A deafe care, in a iust cause.

(state,
A Poore man came vnto a Judge & shew'd his wronged
Entreating him for Iesus sake to be compassionate,
The wiōgs were great he did sustaine, he had no help at al
The Judge sat stil as if the man had spoken to the wall.
With that came two rude fellows in, to haue a matter tride
A bout an Asse, that one had let the other for to ride: (by,
Which Asse the owner found in field, as he by chance past
And he that hir'd him a sleepe did in 'the shadow lye.
For which he would be satisfied ,his beast was but to ride:
And for the shadow of his Asse, he would be paid beside.
Great raging words, and damned othes,
these two asse-wrangles swore,(fore
Whē presently the Judge start vp, that seem'd a sleep be-
A nd heard y follies willingly of these two sotish men,
But bad the poore man come againe, he had no leasure thes,

A lolly





Epigram.

A Jolly fellow Esse x borne and bred,
A Farmers Sonne, his Father being dead,
T' expell his griefe and melancholly passions,
Had vowd himselfe to trauell and see fashions.
His great mindes obiect was no trifling toy,
But to put downe the wandring Prince of Troy.
Londons discouerie first he doth decide,
His man must be his Pilot and his guide.
Three miles he had no: past, there he must sit:
He ask't if he were not neere London yet?
His man replies good Sir your selfe besturte,
For we haue yet to goe sixe times as farre.
Alas I had rather stay at home and digge,
I had not thought the worlde was halfe so bigge.
Thus this great worthie comes backe (thoewith strife)
He neuuer was so farre in all his life.
None of the scauen worthies: on his behalfe,
Say, was not he a worthie Essex Calfe?

B 3

A Gentleman

The Humors that haunt a Wife.

A Gentleman a verie friend of mine,
Hath a young wife and she is monstrous fine,
She's of the new fantastique humor right,
In her attire an angell of the light.
Is she an Angell? I : it may be well,
Not of the light, she is a light Angell.
Forsooth his doore must suffer alteration,
To entertaine her mightie huge Bonn-fashion,
A hood's to base, a hac which she doth male,
With brauest feathers in the Estridge tayle.
She scornes to treade our former proud wiues traces,
That put their glory in their on faite faces,
In her conceit it is not faite enough,
She must reforme it with her paintets stiffe,
And she is neuer merry at the heart,
Till she be got into her leatherne Cart:
Some halfe amile the Coach-man guides the raynes,
Then home againe, birladie she takes paities.
My friend seeing what humors haunt a wife,
If he were loole would lead a single life.

Next.

A poore Mans pollicy.

Next I will tell you of a poore mans tricke,
Which he did practise with a polliticke,
This poore man had a Cow twas all his stocke,
Which on the Commons fed: where Catell flocke,
The other had a steere a wanton Beast,
Which he did turne to feede atmongst the rest.
Which in processse although I know not how,
The rich mans Ox did gore the poore mans Cow.
The poore man heareat vexed waxed sad,
For it is all the liuing that he had,
And he must loose his liuing for a song,
Alas he knew not how to rright his wrong.
He knew his enemie had pointes of law,
To saue his purse, fill his devouring mawe,
Yet thought the poore man how so it betide,
Ile make him giue rright sentence on my side.
Without delay vnto the Man he goes,
And vnto him this fayned tale doth glaze,
(Quoth he) my Cow which with your Ox did feede,
Hath kild your Ox and I make knowne the deede.
Why (quoth my Poliique) thou shouldest haue helpe it
Thou shalt pay for him if thou wert my father. (rather,
The

THE CURE OF A COW

The course of law in no wise must be stayde,
Least I an cuill president be made.
O Sir (quoth he) I cry you mercy now,
I did mistake, your Ox hath gorde my Cow:
Coniuct by reason he began to brawle,
But was content to let his action fall.
As why? (quoth he) thou lookst vnto her well,
Could I prevent the mischiefe that befell?
I haue more weightie causes now to trie,
Might o'recomes right without a reason why.

Epigram.

One of the damned crew that liues by drinke,
And by Tobacco's stillifid stink,
Met with a Country man that dwelt at Hull:
Thought he this pesant's fit to be my Gull.
His first salure like to the French mans wife,
Wordes of encounter, please you take a pipe?
The Countrie man amazed at this rabble,
Knewe not his minde yet would be conformable.
Well, in a peiry Ale-houle they enlonce
His Gull must learne to drinke Tobacco once.

THE CURE OF A COW

Indeede his purpose was to make a iest,
How with Tobacco he the peasant drest.
Hee takes a whiffe, with arte into his head,
The other standeth still astonished.
Till all his sences he doth backe reuake,
Sees it ascend much like Saint Katherins smoake.
But this indeede made him the more admite,
He saw the smoke: thought he his head's a fier,
And to increase his feare he thought poore soule,
His scarlet nose had been a firie cole.
Wh:ch circled round with smoak, seemed to him
Like to some rotten brand that burneth dim.
But to shew wisedome in a desperat case,
He threw a Can of beere into his face,
And like a man some furie did inspise,
Ran out out of doores for helpe to quench the fire.
The Ruisin throwes away his Trinidad,
Out comes huge oarches and then his short poyntado,
But then the Beere so troubled his eyes,
The countrieman was gone ere he could rise,
A fier to drie him he doth now require,
Rather then water for to quench his fire.

C

Come

Epigram.

Come my braue gallant come, vncase, vncase,
Nere shall obliuion your great aches deface.
He has been there where neuuer man came yet,
An vndeclared countrie, I, ile warrant it,
Whence he could Ballace a good ship in holde,
With Rubies, Saphiers, Diamonds and golde,
Great Orient Pearles esteem'd no more then moates,
Sould by the pecke as chandlers measure oates,
I meruaile then we haue no trade from thence:
O tis too farre it will not beare expence.
T'were far indeede, a good way from our mayne,
If charges eate vp such excelsie gaine,
Well he can shew you some of Lybian grauell,
O that there were another world to trauell,
I heard him swaere that hee (twas in his mirth)
Had been in all the corners of the earth.

Let

Let all his wonders be together sticht,
He threw the barre that great *Alcides* pitcht:
But he that saw the Oceans farthest strands,
You pose him if you aske where Douer stands.
He has been vnder ground and hell did see,
Aeneas nere durst goe so farre as hee.
For he has gone through *Plutus* Regiment,
Saw how the Fiendes doe Lyers there torment.
And how they did in helles damnation frye,
But who would thinke the Traueller would lye?
To dine with *Pluto* he was made to tarrie,
As kindly vs'd as at his Ordinarie.
Hoghheads of wine drawne out into a Tub,
Wher he did drinke hand-smooth with *Belzebub*,
And *Proserpine* gaue him a goulden bow,
Tis in his chest he cannot shew it now.

C 2 One toulde

Of one that coufned the Cut-purse.

Ne toulde a Drouer that beleev'd it not,
What booties at the playes the Cut-purse got,
But if twere so my Drouers wit was quicke,
He vow'd to serue the Cut-purse a new tricke.
Next day vnto the play, pollicy hy'd,
A bag of tortie shillings by his side,
Whiche holding fast he taketh vp his stand,
If stringes be cut his purse is in his hand.
A fine conceited Cu-purse spying this,
Looke for no more, the for shillings his,
Whilst my fine Poliueque gazed about,
The Cut-purse feately tooke the bottome out.
And cuts the strings, good foole goe make a iest,
This Dismall day thy purse was fairely blest.
Houlde fast good Noddy tis good to dreade the worse,
Your monie's gone, I pray you keepe your purse.
The play is done and foorth the foole doth goe,
Being glad that he coufned the Cut-purse soe.
He thought to iybe how he the Cut-purse drast,
And memorize it for a famous iest.
But putting in his hand it ran quite throw
Dash't the conceite, heele never speake on't now,
You that to playes haue suc*n* deligh: to goe,
The Cut-purse cares not, still deceiue him so.

Dicke

A drunken fray.

Dicke met with Tom in faith it was their lot,
Two honest Drunkars must goe drinke a pot,
Twas but a pot, or say a little more,
Or say a pot tha's filled eight times ore.
But being drunke, and met well with the leese,
They drinke to healthes devoutly on their knees,
Dicke drinke to Hell, to pledge him Tom reictes,
And scornes to doe it for some odde respects
Wilt thou not pledge him that's a gill, a Scab, ..
Wert with my man-hood thou deseruest a stab,
But tis no matter drinke another bout,
Weele intot'n field and there weele trie it out.
Let's goe (saies Tom) no longer by this hand,
Nay stay (quoth Dicke) let's see if we can stand.
Then forth they goe after the drunken pace,
Which God he knowes was with a reeling grace,
Tom made his bargaine, thus with bonsie Dicke
If it should chance my foote or so shold fl p,
How wouldest thou vse me or after what size,
Wouldest bare me shorter or wouldest let me rise.
Nay God for bid our quarrells not so great,
To kill thee on aduantage in my heat.

C 3

Tush

Tush we're not fight for any hate or soe,
But for meete loue that each to other owe.
And for thy learning loc Ile shew a tricke,
No sooner spoke the worde but downe comes Dicke,
W^cll now (quoth Tom) thy life hangs on my sworde,
If I were downe how wouldest thou keepe thy word?
Why with these hilts I'de braine thee at a blow,
Faith in my humor cut thy throate, or soe,
But Tom he scorne to kill his conquered foe,
Lets Dicke arise, and too't againe they goe.
Dicke throwes downe Tom or rather Tom did fall,
My hilts (quoth Dicke) shall braine theo like a maull,
Is't so (quoth Tom) good faith what remedie,
The Tower of Babell's fallen and so am I,
But Dicke procedes to give the fatall wound,
It mist his throate, but run into the ground.
But he supposing that the man was slaine,
Straight fled his contrie, ship himselfe for Spaine,
Whilst valiant Thomas dyed dronken deepe,
Forgot his danger and fell fast a sleepe.

What's

Epigram.

VVhat's he that stares as it he were a fright;
The fellowe sure hath seene some dreadfull
Masse rightly guest, why sure I did diuine, (spright
Hce's haunted with a Spirit feminine.
In plaine termes thus, the Spirit that I meane,
His martiall wife that notable curst queane,
No other weapons but her nailes or fist,
Poore patient Idiot he dares not resist,
His neighbor once would borrow but his knife,
Good neighbor stay (quoth he)le aske my wife:
Once came he home inspired in the head,
He found his neighbor and his wife a bed,
Yet durst not sturre, but hide him in a hole,
He feared to diplease his wife poore soule.
But why should he so dreade and feare her hate,
Since she had giuen him armor for his pate?
Next day forlooth he doth his neighbor meete,
Whome with sterne rage thus furiously doth grecete,
Villaine ile slit thy nose, out comes his knife,
Sirra(quoth he)goe to le tell your wife.
Apaled at which terror, meekely saide
Retire good knife my furie is allайд.

Time

Proteus.

Time seruine humour thou wrie-faced Ape,
That canst transforme thy selfe to any shape:
Come good *Proteus* come away a pace,
We long to see thy mumping Antique face,
This is the fellow that liues by his wit,
A cogging knaue and fawning Parrasit,
He has behaviour for the greatest porce,
And hee has humors for the rascall sorte,
He has beeene great with Lordes and high estates,
They could not liue without his rare conceites,
He was associat for the brauest spirits,
His galland carriage such fauour meritts.
Yet to a Ruislin humor for the strewes,
A tight graund Captaine of the damned crewes,
With whome his humor alwayes is vnstable
Mad, melancholly, drunke and variable.

Mat

Hat without band like cutting Dicke he goe's,
Renowned for his new inuented oathes.
Some times like a Civilian,tis strange
At twelue a clocke he must vnto the Change,
Where being thought a Marchant to the eye,
He tels strange newes his humor is to lie.
Some Damaske coate the effect thereof must heare,
Inuites him home and there he gets good cheare,
But how is't now such braue renowned wits,
Wear ragged robes with such huge gaily slits,
Faith thus a ragged humor he hath got
Whole garments for the Summer are too hot.
Thus you may censure gently if you please,
He wearecs such garments onely for his ease.
Or thus his credit will no longer wau.
For all men know him for a prating knaue.

Epigram.

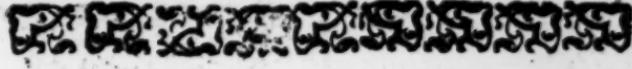
A Scholet newly entred marriage life,
Following his studdie did offend his wife,
Because when she his company expected,
By bookish busines she was still neglected:
Comming vnto his studdy, Lord(quoth she)
Can papers cause you loue them more then mee:
D I would

Epigram.

I wculd I were transfiorm'd into a Booke
That your affection mighc vpon me looke,
But in my wish, withall be it decreed,
I would be such a Booke you loue to reede,
Husband(q. wch she) which books forth: should I take,
Marry (laid hee) 'were best an Almanacke,
The reason wherefore I doe wish ther so,
Is, every yeaare wee haue a new you knowe.

Epigram.

Sir, come hether boy, take view of mee,
My Lady I am purposed to goe see;
What doth my feather flourish with a grace,
And this same dooble set e become my ace,
How decten doth this doublet to me appere
(I would I had my sute in houn-^{and}th hecet)
Do not my shours i rot ounce a blu. i lounde?
Do's no. my hole circumference profounde
Sir th leare well, but there is one thing i l.
Your Tailour with a sheete of paper b'il,
V.ives hee'e be paid and Sett aans he had feed,
Which maye your comming forth to do thy deedes
Boy god-americy l i my Lady lay,
Ile see no counter for her late to day.



Much a doe about chusing a wife.

A Widdower would haue a wife were old,
Past charge of children to prevent expence
Her chests and bagges cram'd till they crake with gold,
And she vnto her graue post quickly hence,
But if all this were fitting to his minde,
Wher is his lease of life to stay behinde?

A Batcheler would haue wife were wise,
Faire, Rich and Younge, a maiden for his bed,
Not proude, nor churlifh but of faultles fize,
A country housewife, in the Citty bred.
But hees a foole and longe in vaine hath staide,
He shoulde bespeak her, there's none ready made

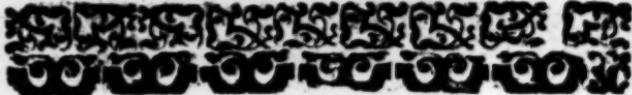
The taming of a wilde Youth.

Of late a deare and loving friend of mine,
That all his time a Gallant youth had bene,
From mirth to melancholy did decline,
Looking exceeding pale, leane, poore, and thin,
I ask'd the cause he brought me through the streete,
Vnto his house, and there hee let me see,
A woman proper, faire, wise and discrete
And said he should be her's that hath tamed mee,
Hath this (quoth I,) can such a wife do so?
Lord how is he tam'd then, that hath a shrow:

A straunge

A Straunge sighted Traueller.

A n honest Country foole being gentle bred,
Was by an odde conceited humior led,
To trauell and some English fashions see,
With such strange sights as heere at London be.
Stuffing his purse with a good golden some,
This wandring knight did to the Cittie come,
And there a scruingman he entertaines,
An honeister in Newgate nor remaines.
He shew'd his Maister sights to him moit strange,
Great tall Pauls Steeple and the royll- Exchange:
The Basse at Billings-gate and London stone,
And at White-Hall the monstrous great Whales bone,
Brought him to the banck-side where Beares do dwell
And vnto Shor-ditch where the whores keepe hell,
Shew'd him the Lyons, Gyants in Guild-Hall,
King Lud at Lud-gate the Babounes and all,
At length his man, on all he had did pray,
Shew'd him a thecuish trick and ran away,
The Traueller turnd home exceeding ciuill,
And swore in London he had seene the Deuill.



Three kinde of Couckoldes,

One, And None

First there's a Cuckolde called One and None,
Which foole, from fortune hath receiu'd such
He hath a wife for beutie stands alone, (fauour
Grac'd with good carriage, and most sweete behaviour
Nature so bounteous hath her gifts extended.
From head to foote ther's nothing to be mended.

Besides, she is as perfect chaste, as faire,
But being married to a iealous affe,
He vowes she hornes him, for he feeleth a paire
Haue bin a growing euer since last grasse,
No contrary persuasions hee'l indure,
But's wife is faire and hee's a Cuckolde sure.





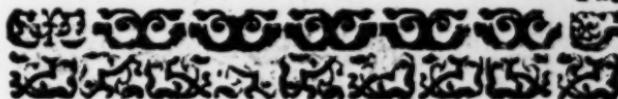
The second.

None, and One.

THe second hath a wife that loves the game,
And playes the secret cunnig whore at plature,
But in her husband's sight shees wondrous tame,
Which makes him vow, he hath *Wifles* treasure,
Sheele wif al whores were hang'd, with weeping teares
Yet she her selfe a whores cloathes dayly weares.

Her husband's friends report how's wife doth gull him
With tale de ceasfull and dillimbling shewe
And that by both his hornes a man may pull him,
To such a godly length they dayly growe,
He sayes they wrcng her, and he sweares they lye,
His wife is chaste, and in that minde hec'le dye.

The





The Third;

One, and One.

THe third is he that knowes women are weakē,
And therfore they are dayly apt to fall,
W ords of vnkindnesse their kind heatis may breake,
They are but flesh and therefore sinnes all,
His wife is not the first hath trod a wry,
Amongst his neighbours he as bad can spye.

What can he helpe it if his wife do ill,
But take it as his croise and be content,
For quietnesse he lets her haue her will,
When shee is old perhaps she will repent,
Let every one amend their one bad life,
Thare knaues and queans that medle with his wife.

FINIS.

